

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

**The Four Winds.**  
Wind of the North,  
Wind of the Norland snows,  
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp,  
clear stars,  
How cold and keen across the naked hills,  
and crisp the lowland pools with crystal  
films,  
and blur the easement with glittering ice,  
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,  
Wind of the low, far clouds,  
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset  
lands,  
How fresh and pure across the peaks  
and plains,  
and bronzen the blue spaces of the  
heavens,  
and away the grasses and the mountain  
plains,  
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,  
Wind of the sunrise seas,  
Wind of the clinging mists and gray,  
hush of the night and chill across the wastes  
of brine,  
and shut the sun out, and the moon and  
stars,  
and lash the boughs against the dripping  
eaves,  
Yet keep thou from my love.

## A Late Easter.

The latest date on which Easter can  
fall is April 23d. Three times within  
the nineteenth century there was a late  
Easter. In 1848 Easter Sunday was April  
18; in 1893, it fell on April 24th, and in  
1896, beautiful sunshine and blossoming  
overtaken the date of the great  
spring festival. During the present cen-  
tury there will be a late Easter be-  
cause this year. In 1913 it will occur  
on April 25th, and the year 2000 will be  
marked by the chronicle of the holiday,  
on April 23d.

## Cooper-Knight.

The home of Mr. Wray Thomas Knight,  
100 North Ninth Street, was the  
scene of a quiet, but beautiful, home wed-  
ding at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Feb-  
ruary 21st, when his daughter, Miss  
Elizabeth Knight, was given in marriage  
to Mr. George Cooper, the son of the Rev.  
Mr. George Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of  
Lynchburg, Va.

The bride came in with her father and  
her marriage ceremony was impressively  
performed by Dr. Cooper, the father of  
the groom. The parlor was decorated  
with palms and flowers and the mantels  
were banked in maidenhead ferns. An or-  
chestra rendered the wedding march and  
played a selection of appropriate airs dur-  
ing the reception given to the bride and  
groom, relatives and a few intimate friends  
of the contracting parties.

A lovely gown of gray crepe de chine,  
trimmed with ruffles of fine lace and  
heavy cream applique, was worn by the  
bride, who carried a shower of bride  
roses and lilies of the valley. Her gray  
lily hat had a profusion of soft white  
jesses. Miss Louise Talbot Knight, who  
attended her sister as maid of honor, was  
in a pretty gown of mauve with white  
lace and a big picture hat. She had a  
brilliant bouquet of maidenhead ferns.  
Mr. Homer Cooper was best man to the  
room. Other attendants were Mr. Wil-  
liam E. Crawford, Mr. Harry P. Talbot,  
Mr. Julien Gunn, of Richmond, and Mr.  
Joseph E. Yensley, of Petersburg, Va.

The bride party were handsomely en-  
tertained Monday evening by Mrs. Charles  
L. Wingo, of No. 902 Park Avenue. After  
receiving the congratulations of those  
present at their marriage, Mr. and Mrs.  
Cooper left last afternoon for a North-  
Carolina trip, ending in New York, the present  
wedding headquarters of the groom.

## Sebastian-Cooper.

Miss Attie Cooper, the daughter of the  
rev. Dr. George Cooper and Mrs. Cooper,  
will be married at 6 P. M. to-day in the  
first Baptist Church at Media, Pa., to  
Mr. Walter Sebastian, of Philadelphia.

As the daughter of the pastor of the  
first Baptist Church in Richmond, Miss  
Cooper spent her girlhood and young  
womanhood in this city, where her  
friends, who heard the news of her en-  
gagement some months since with great  
interest, are equally concerned about her  
wedding. Miss Cooper left Richmond with  
her parents last autumn for her present  
home, her father having resigned his  
Richmond pastorate to accept that of which  
he now holds. Many congratulations and  
good wishes will be sent to-day from  
Richmond to Media, Miss Attie being  
so pleasantly remembered by many  
of the younger members of Richmond so-  
ciety, who for years were her friends  
and companions.

## Donation Day.

To-day is Donation Day at St. Paul's  
church home for the aged, and the  
resident and ladies of the board have  
but all interested in the home and its  
work will remember to contribute gen-  
erously to its necessities. Gifts of pro-  
visions and money will be especially ac-  
ceptable. A lunch will be served at 1  
P. M., and the reception committee will  
be pleased to have visitors partake of  
their hospitality and contribute for their-  
selves or the work of the home.

## Die Fledermaus.

Mrs. M. A. Mason, formerly of the  
Woman's College, who, with her husband,  
is spending the winter in New York,  
writes enthusiastically of the opera sea-  
son there. She says:

"I send you a programme of 'Die  
Fledermaus,' by Strauss, the opera given  
February 18th, for the benefit of Heinrich  
Singer Sewing Machines."

## Something Stylish!

Ladies' \$5.00  
Patent, Vici, Lace Shoes.  
Large eyelets; full ex-  
tension soles. Now

**\$2.75**

SEYMOUR SYCLE, Broad Streets.

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded  
your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few  
minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a  
bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 425.

## THE TIDE RIVER.

By KINGSLEY.

This is from the author's story called "The Water Babies." It was written at  
Eversley, Eng., in 1863. Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch  
have already been printed in this series.



LEAR and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;  
Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming weir;  
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,  
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,  
Unfilled for the unfilled;  
Play by me, bathe by me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,  
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;  
Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;  
Darker and darker the further I go,  
Baser and baser, the richer I grow;  
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?  
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,

Free and strong, free and strong,

The flood-gates are open, away to the sea,

Cleansing my streams as I hurry along

To the golden sands and the leaping bar,

And the taunting tide that awaits me afar,

As I lose myself in the infinite main,

Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.

Unfilled for the unfilled;

Play by me, bathe by me, mother and child.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Confred, the director of the Metropolitan  
Opera House. The opera was presented  
in a \$3,000 house, and I am sure, to the  
most elegantly dressed audience that  
could be gotten together. It was my  
pleasure to witness the performance. In  
fact, I have attended the opera regularly,  
having a season ticket. The great fea-  
ture of "Die Fledermaus" comes in the  
opera house, including the opera school  
and the ballet dancers, appears on the  
stage, and numbers from all the greatest  
artists are given. It is said that there  
was never a more gorgeous production,  
not even in Europe.

On my own account I am reviewing  
French and German, and taking lessons  
daily, except Saturday, in voice culture  
from one of the finest of American mas-  
ters. I have an excellent accompanist,  
who works with me several times a week.

Professor Mason is making most satis-  
factory progress in the psychological de-  
partment of Columbia College, where he  
is also enjoying a course in "Logic as  
Applied to Education," under Professor  
John Dewey, recently of the Chicago Uni-  
versity.

We both feel that this has been a  
great winter for us in every way, and  
we would like for our Richmond friends  
to know a little something of what we  
are doing.

## Howell-Whistler.

In the Protestant Episcopal Chapel at  
Bethesda-by-the-Sea, near Palm Beach,  
Fla., Miss Gwendolyn Whistler, the daugh-  
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whistler,  
of Baltimore, and the grand-  
daughter of the late famous artist and  
painter, James McNeill Whistler, was mar-  
ried to the Rev. Dr. Richard Lewis Howell,  
of Philadelphia and Washington, at 11  
o'clock A. M., February 20th. The  
wedding service was read by the assistant  
rector, the Rev. Charles Temple, and the  
marriage ceremony by the rector, the Rev.  
M. J. Mulford. The chapel was decorated  
with white periwinkle, and as soon as  
the blessing had been pronounced, the  
Holy Communion was administered to the  
newly wedded pair.

The bride walked to the altar with her  
father, who gave her away. She wore a  
white gown exquisitely embroidered and  
carried lilies of the valley, tied with chif-  
fon. Captain Frank Howell was best  
man to the groom. After the wedding  
breakfast and later, Dr. and Mrs. Howell  
left for the South in the doctor's beau-  
tiful yacht, the Genevieve. Dr. Howell,  
in America, has a beautiful home at Palm  
Beach, Fla., and is a member of several  
Washington clubs.

## Miss Beckington Exhibitor.

Miss Elizabeth Rodman Selden has re-  
ceived a letter from Miss Alice Beck-  
ington, whose name as an artist and  
miniaturist, will be at once recalled in  
Richmond by those who were deluged  
with examples of her work shown in the  
ninth annual exhibit of the Richmond Art  
Club held in 1904. Her two miniatures  
were catalogued as "Portrait of Miss  
I-125" and "Ella Carmen-194."

"I shall be very glad to send any of  
my miniatures, which I may have on  
hand, that are suitable for your Art Club  
exhibition. I shall also be glad to see  
Mrs. Patterson and Miss Talbot when  
they come to New York. It is impossible  
for me to say exactly what hours one  
is most apt to find me in my studio, but  
I will try to arrange an hour when they  
come to New York that will suit us all.  
Pray accept my thanks for your invita-  
tion to exhibit."

Clarkson-Thelin.

The Baltimore Sun of yesterday says:

An engagement of interest just an-  
nounced is that of Miss Marie Bertin  
Thelin, daughter of Mr. William T. Thelin,  
of Mount Washington, to Mr. Thomas B.  
Clarkson, of Prince William county, Va.  
Miss Thelin made her debut three years  
ago, and is a sister of Mrs. Charles E.  
Thelin, Jr., and Mr. E. Griswold Thelin.  
Mr. Clarkson is a son of Dr. H. M. Clark-  
son, of Haymarket, Va., and is prominent-  
ly connected in Virginia and North Caro-  
lina. The wedding will probably take  
place in June.

## Dudley-Slingluff.

A marriage of yesterday in which Vir-  
ginians were interested, was that of Miss  
Ethel Slingluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Fielda Cross Slingluff, of Baltimore, Md.,  
to Dr. Benjamin William Dudley, formerly  
of Lexington, Ky., but now of New York.  
The wedding took place in the home of  
the bride's parents on West Madison  
Street, the Rev. B. E. Niver, of Christ  
Episcopal Church, officiating. A reception  
followed the ceremony, and Dr. and  
Mrs. Dudley left later for New York.

## Lunch Committee Meeting.

An important lunch committee meeting  
of the Woman's Christian Association  
Board is called for Thursday afternoon  
at 3 o'clock, in the home of Mrs. W. M.  
Wade, No. 215 Fourth Avenue, Chestnut  
hill.

## Harris-Valentine.

The marriage of Miss Irene Valentine,  
daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Valentine,  
of Mr. Charles Preston Harris, of Char-  
lottesville, Va., will take place at 6:30 P.  
M. to-day, in the home of the bride's  
mother, No. 2701 East Grace Street.

Miss Valentine is a well known and  
popular young lady of this city. Mr. Harris  
is the son of the late R. P. Harris, for-  
mer mayor of Charlottesville. The cere-  
mony will be witnessed only by the  
relatives and intimate friends of bride and  
groom.

## Personal Mention.

Mrs. W. G. Bunnington and Miss Bettie  
Knight, of Prince Edward county, who  
came to Richmond for the Cooper-Knight  
wedding, are visiting Mrs. Charles B.  
Wingo at No. 902 Park Avenue.

Friends of Mr. W. W. Watkins, No.  
417 West Grace Street, will be sorry to  
hear that she is still confined to the  
house by sickness.

Miss Edna West and her niece, Miss  
Elizabeth Ellison, of Lynchburg, Va., are  
spending a month in Melbourne, Fla.

Miss Marianne Meade has returned  
from a short visit to Miss Mary McGuire  
Chamberlain, of Duke Street, Norfolk.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Mazzyck Clarkson  
have issued invitations for the mar-  
riage of their daughter, Nellie Beaumont,  
to Mr. Robert Lee Reading, on Tuesday  
March 7th, at 8 o'clock, in St. Paul's  
Church, Haymarket, Va.

Mr. R. H. Fishburne and daughter,  
Miss Emily, of Roanoke, Va., have left  
for the South. They will remain some  
weeks in Miami, Fla., and the Bahamas  
Islands.

Miss Martha Slingluff, who has been  
visiting Mrs. Samuel Smith, of Cathedral  
Street, Baltimore, has returned to her  
home in Gloucester county, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Dew have issued  
invitations to the marriage of their  
daughter, Miss Edwina Dew, to Mr.  
John Robinson, the ceremony to take  
place to-day, February 22d, at the Port  
Norfolk Methodist Church.

Lieutenant Gilbert Chase, United States  
Navy, who was married last week  
to Miss Edwina Dew, is now on duty  
at Havana, Cuba. He is a son of Captain Wil-  
liam Chase, of Lancaster county, Va.

The Confederate Memorial Literary So-  
ciety will meet at 11 A. M. to-day in  
the Confederate Museum.

Mrs. Anne S. Hutherford, of Richmond,

and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley S. Johns, of  
Virginia, are the guests of Mrs. Anne S.  
Hutherford, of Roland Park, Baltimore.

Miss Marguerite Rosser, of Charlottesville,  
who has been the guest of Miss  
Virginia S. Johns, of the Hoochbee, is now  
visiting Miss Wright in Portsmouth.

The engagement of Miss Mary Chinn to  
Mr. John Moore, son of Robert Moore, of  
Aldie, Loudoun county, is announced. The  
wedding is to occur some time the coming  
spring.

The Rev. W. A. Goodwin and Mrs.  
Goodwin, of Bruton Church, Williams-  
burg, Va., will celebrate the tenth anni-  
versary of their wedding this evening.

In Trinity Church, Petersburg, this  
evening at 8 o'clock, Miss Anna Eleanor  
Dwyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward  
Phelps, will be married to Mr. Daniel  
C. Beard, of Norfolk, Va.

The Frances Bland-Randolph Chapter,  
Daughters of the American Revolution,  
in Petersburg, Va., will give a silver tea

this evening in the home of Mrs. W. H.  
Camp, and guests in the home of  
Mrs. Preston Roper, for the chapter con-  
tribution to the Virginia Continental Hall  
fund and for a monument to the Vir-  
ginia historical Burks.

At the last regular meeting of Alexan-  
dria-Washington Lodge of Masons, May  
22, 1904, for Mrs. A. C. Conkley, pre-  
sented to the lodge a pair of scales which  
were at one time used on the Mount Ver-  
non estate. The scales were presented to  
Mrs. Conkley's grandfather by the late  
John A. Washington. The scales were ac-  
cepted by the lodge and will be placed in  
some other interesting relics of Wash-  
ington and Mount Vernon now in pos-  
session of the lodge.

Mrs. Frank L. Stanton, the wife of the  
Georgia poet, is spending some time in  
New York as the guest of friends. The  
New York Herald says of her: "This day  
we know Mrs. Stanton is the inspiration  
of some of her husband's best work. She  
is the theme of many of his songs, and  
each of which have been set to music."

## THE DARROW ENIGMA.

By MELVIN L. SEVERY.

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## CHAPTER I-Continued.

Special engagement of Miss Fanny Davenport. For one week, beginning Monday,  
the 12th of December, Sardou's "Cleopatra."  
"I was indeed surprised," but I  
said nothing. The next thing I handed  
him was a copy of Godey's Magazine, sev-  
eral years old. He opened it carelessly,  
and in a moment read the following line:  
"I am dying, sweetheart, dying."  
"Doesn't that sound familiar?" it remem-  
bered me at once of the poetic alarm clock  
that wakens me every morning—I am dying,  
Egypt dying. There is no doubt that  
Higginson's poem suggested this one.  
Here is the whole of the thing as it is  
printed here," he said, and read the fol-  
lowing:

## LOVE'S TWILIGHT.

I am dreaming, loved one, dreaming  
Of the sweetest of the sweetest past.  
When the world was at its seeming,  
Dre the fatal shaft was cast.

I am sobbing, and-eyed, sobbing,  
At the darkly silent west,  
Of the smile of ignorance rubbing  
The pale face against his breast.

I am smiling, tear-stained, smiling,  
As the sun glints on the crest  
Of the troubled waves, beguiling  
Shipwrecked hope to its long rest.

I am pining, broken, pining,  
From a soul that I hold dear,  
And the sweetest of the sweetest past  
Fades a dead strain on my ear.

I am dying, sweetheart, dying,  
Drips life through my hand;  
Sighs the dawn, and the sun is shining  
His last note in the fading band.

So I'm sighing, and-eyed, sighing,  
"Love's life is a river to the sea;  
Death my throbbing heart is lying  
With the strings that ache for thee."

"Yes," I said, when he had finished;  
"I shall have your poem and Cleopatra."  
He handed me the poem and Cleopatra.  
I took them both, and he held the  
poem, and I took Cleopatra. He opened it  
and laughed. "This may be more chance,  
Doc," he said, "but it is remarkable,  
none the less. See here! He held the  
poem toward me, and I read, 'Cleopatra's  
Needle.' This historic significance  
of Central Park's New Museum of  
Natural History, and the fact that it is  
connected in Virginia and North Caro-  
lina. The wedding will probably take  
place in June."

"Magazines and newspapers," I said,  
"seem to be altogether too much in your  
line. We're trying to find a book that  
will be a real book, that will be a real  
book. It is a copy of Tennyson's Poems;  
I fancy it will trouble you to find your  
way through it. I know it is a book of  
silence, and opening it at random, began  
to read. The result surprised him even  
more than did the fact that he had  
found these verses from 'A Dream of Fair  
Women':"

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and  
Lamps which outburned Canopus. O,  
my life!  
In Egypt, O, the dalliance and the wit,  
The history and the strife."

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from  
the war's alarms, my Roman Antony,  
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,  
My mailed Bacchus, leapt into my arms.  
Contented there to die!"

"And there he died! And when I heard  
my name  
Sighs forth with life, I would not brook  
my fear  
Of the other. With a worm I barked his  
name,  
What else was left? Look here!"

"With that she tore her robe apart and  
halt  
The polished argent of her breast to  
show  
Laid bare. There she pointed with a  
laugh,  
Showing the apple's bite."

"I was some minutes before I could  
as he held the book upon the table. 'I  
want to try this thing once more. Here  
is the poem. If you can find any refer-  
ence to the serpent of the Nile in this,  
you needn't go any farther. I shall be sat-  
isfied.' I passed the book to him. 'It  
turned the pages over, and he said: 'I  
blinded upon the passage, it indicated as  
he held the book toward me. I glanced  
with some anxiety from his face to the book,  
and read the lines: 'I would not brook  
my fear. If Cleopatra's nose had been  
shorter, the entire face of the world  
would have been changed.'"

"I was some minutes before I could  
fully regained his composure, and during  
that time neither of us spoke. 'Well,  
Doc,' he said at length, and his manner  
was decidedly grave. 'I have for him:  
'What do you make of it?' 'I didn't  
know what to make of it; and I admitted  
my ignorance with a frankness that  
wondered my profession. I have often  
since had occasion to marvel. I told  
him that I could scarcely account for it  
on the ground of mere coincidence, and  
I called his attention to that part of 'The  
Mystery of Marie Roget,' where Poe fig-  
ures out the mathematical probability of  
the combination of peculiarities of  
clothing being found to obtain in the  
case of two young women who were un-  
known to each other. If I had not  
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that time neither of us spoke. 'Well,  
Doc,' he said at length, and his manner  
was decidedly grave. 'I have for him:  
'What do you make of it?' 'I didn't  
know what to make of it; and I admitted  
my ignorance with a frankness that  
wondered my profession. I have often  
since had occasion to marvel. I told  
him that I could scarcely account for it  
on the ground of mere coincidence, and  
I called his attention to that part of 'The  
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ures out the mathematical probability of  
the combination of peculiarities of  
clothing being found to obtain in the  
case of two young women who were un-  
known to each other. If I had not  
said it, I should have been a good deal  
blinded upon the passage, it indicated as  
he held the book toward me. I glanced  
with some anxiety from his face to the book,  
and read the lines: 'I would not brook  
my fear. If Cleopatra's nose had been  
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